VOLUME LV CHICAGO, AUGUST 10, 1905. NUMBER 24

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Vice is a monster of so frightful
mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be
seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her
face,
We first endure, then pity, then
embrace.

—Alexander Pope.

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The Tower Hill Summer School

July 15--August 20, 1905

Religions of the Elder World
JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Hindu Epics . . . . ANNE B. MITCHELL

Making an Anthology of English Poetry
JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Birds and Hunting With a Camera
REV. RETT E. OLMSTEAD

Insect Life on the Hill . . T. LLOYD JONES

Ferns and Flowers . . ROSALIA HATHERELL

FOR TERMS, BOARD, &c.,

Address

MRS. EDITH LACKERSTEEN
SPRING GREEN WISCONSIN

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1905. NUMBER 24

Wherefore, if meat causeth my brother to stumble, I will eat no flesh for evermore, that I cause not my brother to stumble. I Corinthians viii, 13....

It is difficult to single out for comment any one thing in *The Conservator.* It is all so good, so vital, so alive with that subtle element of religious feeling and soul-passion which distinguishes the product of the heart from the mere head-product. The Collects of Horace Traubel have for us the quality of scripture. Let no one say that our bibles are closed. As sacred, vital, pregnant words are falling from the lips of men today as ever fell.

The *New Voice* of July 13 contains an interesting article entitled "National Temperance Forty Years Old," called forth by the recent celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the National Temperance Society and Publication House in New York. The article recounts the part played by the society in the reconstruction of the temperance movement after the chaos of the Civil War, and its heroic struggle against the liquor traffic waged for forty years.

The Congregationalist for July 8th contains an interesting article by Sydney Herbert Cox, "A Genuine People's Palace," descriptive of the institutional work done by the First Congregational Church of Jersey City, which "will be noted as the first in the country to conduct a palace of recreation and amusement for all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, on the lines of the famous London institution erected through the influence of Sir Walter Besant's book." The article is well worth reading by all who believe in the institutional mission of the church of to-day.

The July number of *Armenia,* a publication of comparatively recent origin, still in its first volume, is on our table. The purpose of this little magazine, published at Boston, and chiefly supported by the Armenians of America, is "to create new friends for brave Armenia, the Holland of the East." The present issue contains several interesting and vital articles in regard to the life and sufferings of Armenia by William Lloyd Garrison, Hovhan Hagopian, G. S. Dobrashian and others. We sincerely agree, not only with respect to Armenia, but with respect to all oppressed peoples, with the words of W. E. Gladstone, which appear on the first page: *"To serve Armenia is to serve civilization."*

The Jewish Criterion for July 14th has an article to which all free-souled and right-minded liberals must assent, an appeal against the injustice done by the reading of the Bible in the public schools. There can be no two minds about this matter among those who believe that the public schools should be free from the slightest tinge of sectarianism, and should offer no possible grounds of offense to any individual. We are in a democracy where not only all sects of Christianity, but also Jew and Mohammedan, Agnostic and Deist, are on one and the same plane before the law. That to which any body of people can object on reasonable grounds as alien to their beliefs is certainly sectarian and has no place in the public schools.

The *National Daily Review* contains this item:

IOLA, KAN., July 13.—Two hundred armed men, under the direction of Sheriff Richardson, started a search of the country around Iola for C. L. Melvin, the temperance fanatic who has been in hiding since the destruction of three Iola saloons by dynamite. He is believed to still have a large quantity of dynamite with which he has threatened to cause further destruction.

We wonder whether the dynamite is any more dangerous than the stuff he is fighting. Lawless his measures certainly are; yet over in Russia the Kniaz Potemkin and her rebel crew, lawless and reckless though they are, carry with them our sympathies. There are others slaves than bureaucracy; worse ones in Chicago. Do our sympathies extend alone to the rebels that are afar off? It isn't so long since the days of the abolitionists. Reckless, lawless, often ill considered, were some of their acts of violence. Yet what Northerner condemns John Brown?

The Life Boat, published at Hinsdale, Illinois, is a vital little sheet, full of the love of degraded humanity and interest in its regeneration. "Darkest Chicago and Her Waifs," by J. F. Atkinson, Superintendent of The Chicago Boys' Club, is a description of the methods and purposes of that organization, which will be of interest to all who read the article in *The New Voice* alluded to in a recent issue of UNITY. "Why Did the Door Swing?" by Lucy Page Gaston, is another of the interesting and significant articles in the present issue of *The Life Boat.* "My mission," says Miss Gaston, "is to help arouse the people who have it in their power to change the calamitous moral conditions under which Chicago and every other city is laboring." The gospel of the Life Boat, that is its theological gospel, is not our gospel, but we of the more liberal faith can very well learn deep lessons from the enduring and devoted labors among the un-

fortunate and fallen, of the workers whom the little paper represents.

In our Tower Hill Letter this week there is some account of the reunion of the old boys of the Sixth Wisconsin Battery, the comrades of the senior editor of UNITY. There is perhaps a suggestion that might be acted upon by other veterans, in extending the reunion over Sunday and lifting the reminiscences onto religious heights. Is there not here the possibility of a new type of rally? May not Sunday give an added touch of thoughtfulness, an ethical inflection, a civic use to such reunions? May it not be possible to make the old Boys the foci of new circles of influence, the rallying points for a higher civic and patriotic propaganda in this way. There is need of a revival of the spirit of '61-5, a re-application of the fervor and enthusiasm then generated. However sad the struggle and deplorable the wastage, the war did lift communities above the sordid; did obliterate party, sectarian and class lines. It inspired the poor and shamed the rich. It made snobbishness, selfishness and complacency despicable. We need such a patriotism today. Let us have more Sunday rallies of the old Boys, where instead of harking back to the dissipations and boisterousness, happily left behind, they may cause the young men and women, the second generation and the grandchildren to take fresh hold of the task and carry on the high work so inaugurated at such a cost.

The Universalist Leader of July 22 has an account of a somewhat unique action on the part of the graduating class of the Muncie, Indiana, High School. The class as a body has been visiting in turn the various churches of the city of all denominations, asking in each a statement of the fundamental position of that church. The greater number of the class of forty were present at the Universalist Church on the Sunday appointed. Whatever the decision of the class of 1905 of the Muncie High School may have been individually in regard to the comparative value of the messages of the several churches, they have gained, doubtless, a greater breadth of view, a wider range of sympathy, a larger power to build their own religious formulæ. One cannot but be glad at such a sign of a growing disposition on the part of the present to weigh for itself the evidence, and to draw its own conclusions. The tacit assumption that we should be the children of our fathers, the almost invariable note of surprise in the voice of the stranger when he learns that the church of our mature choice was not that of our childhood, shows a lack of vitality in religion. It is as weak and valueless to be a Unitarian, a Universalist, a "Radical," simply because our fathers were so, as it is to be a Catholic, a Methodist, or a Presbyterian for the same reason. Only that belief which is based on our own individual convictions, experiences, needs, doubts, struggles, is liberal, is vital, is real.

"They All Do It, and You're Another."

Consistency is a bludgeon that will skillfully silence all protests and shame the demands of all reformers. Consistency in morals is impossible, for ethics is not an exact science albeit an exacting quest. The right is not a fixed quantity; it is a flowing stream, a tendency, an attitude, a growing something that is continually making the right of today the wrong of tomorrow. Even the material scales upon which the grocer deals out his sugar and his teas are not accurate; indeed, so inaccurate are they that the apothecary would risk the lives of his customers were he to trust to their weights. But the grocer must not tamper with his weights; he must abide by the most accurate decision his "balances" can yield.

We are not surprised that some UNITY readers are distressed over the editorial in a recent number concerning the Rockefeller-Yale contribution. It is well argued that the great oil king has no monopoly on tainted money and that such scrutiny of money would paralyze all humanitarian projects; would call for a return of most moneys given to high causes. The demand, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone" is ever a knock-down argument; it silences the most earnest and shames the most sincere.

And still there is need of protest; and still there is a difference between the man whose ill-gotten gains are counted in copper and him whose wrongs are told in gold. And there is a difference also between accepting the mite of the multi-millionaire and putting it quietly, humbly, gratefully indeed, alongside of the muckle of the poorer man, the sum of whose contributions is told in fewer figures—but the spiritual measure of the gift, always determined by the table of sacrifices, is much larger, and taking that same mite and signaling it out as a special manifestation of grace and generosity. When the list of all the contributors to the recently acquired Yale fund is published, if such is to be, then it is time enough to let the public know that this man who for the last twenty-five years has been charged with gross violation of the law of equity, a defiant disturber of the normal laws of trade, did see fit to give a petty million or more of such gains to a worthy object.

But we do not propose in this editorial to try to argue for the justness of the editorial in question or of any other of the many editorials in which we have dared to express an opinion concerning the subtle problems of commercial honor and civic righteousness. We only propose to defend our right to be inconsistent; to swallow, if need be, the gnat in order to strain out the camel.

"Difference in degree eventuates in difference in kind." There is a vast ethical difference between the thirty and the three glasses of whiskey a day. Because one may not slay a man it does not follow that he may not shoot a tiger, catch a fish or kill a mosquito, though no man can tell where logic or consistency draws the line.

In the higher realm of ethics where "influence,"

example and prophetic leadership count, the notorious quality of an act is a moral element in the problem and must be reckoned with. The times demand that not only individuals, but some class of individuals, institutions, should still remain free to throw the standards in advance of the line into the midst of the enemy in order to keep the line moving. The veniality of the press today, religious press included, is proverbial. Advertisers dictate editorials. Promoters buy reading space and complimentary puffs. Flattering write-ups of men and institutions are paid for, so much per column. The church has become so commercialized, its need of money is so great, the soliciting habit so developed that it has lost much of its power over the thinking and the conduct of men. The preacher has lost much of his influence; he is considered hardly a full man and estimated almost a beggar because of the soliciting necessity. The schoolmaster, particularly in the higher realms, is today perhaps the most worthy representative of the liberal professions—the professions that are independent of and when needs be in defiance to the mercenary motives. This is why the public expects and demands a nicety of conscience among the schools not obtainable on the exchange.

The writer of this editorial, speaking for himself only, reserves the right not only to criticise the acts of a friend but to regretfully confess his own perplexities, contradictions and inconsistencies.

Again we say, that morality is a growing thing. Protest must be made though the *reductio ad absurdum* is always easy and the *ad captandum* of "they all do it and you're another" is ever an available weapon, and, like a blow under the belt, will knock the most skillful athlete out of the ring.

Rockefeller is no solitary example of commercial unfairness and money greed. Yale in accepting this million from Rockefeller may not have violated its own traditions and is certainly no exception to the custom of all the educational institutions in the country and most of the churches. We do not pretend that our own hands are clean or that we are better than our neighbors, and still, in all humility and much perplexity we cannot be deaf to the voice that thunders down through the ages, saying:

"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and declare unto my people their transgression, and to the house of Jacob their sins."

Brave old Isaiah! doubtless his own feet were entangled 'mid the ropes of expediency and his own hands soiled with the dust of trade. Many of his neighbors doubtless could adroitly turn the tables and say to him, "You're another; please be consistent." The vindications of that hour have been forgotten but the arraignments of that age stands not only as a warning but as an inspiration to the ages. Man is ever baffled in the pursuit of justice, but on that account he is not excused from the persistent quest. "That religion cannot save sinners that does not satisfy saints," said George Eliot. Our times need a revival of Jewry's schools of prophets. Preacher, teacher and editor must hold aloft the standard that they themselves cannot attain to. They must "hew to the line, let the chips fly where they will." Alas! if their practice shame their speech; but sadder yet when venial practices compel ignoble silence.

Protab Chunder Mozoomdar.

Few foreigners have ever made so strong a religious impression in America as Mr. Mozoomdar. That impression was the more remarkable because the man who produced it did not belong to any one of the supposed "superior" nations of Europe, but was an Asiatic; and the religion which he preached, and which in his remarkable sermons and prayers and in the spirit of his daily life so impressed and charmed all who came in contact with him, he did not call Christianity, but a religion which God had given to far off India.

Mr. Mozoomdar visited American three times—the last in 1899, when his visit was short; in 1893, the year of the Chicago World's Fair and the Great Parliament of Religions, when he stayed a considerable time and was heard not only at the Parliament and in Chicago, but in many other parts of the country; and the first time, several years earlier still—I am not quite sure as to the date—when he also made a somewhat extended stay, and preached and lectured in many of our large cities.

It is not too much to say that at the great religious Parliament, where he spoke many times, he was listened to with greater and more continuous eagerness and interest than any other speaker, American or foreign. And the interest was not mere curiosity,—if it had been only that it would quickly have spent itself; but everybody felt the spell of his eloquence; and, better still, all felt the depth and sincerity of his piety, and the mighty spiritual uplift of his utterances. I shall never forget setting by the side of a somewhat distinguished orthodox clergyman during one of Mr. Mozoomdar's addresses to an audience which crowded the great hall. The clergyman was curious to see this man of whom he had heard so much; but he did not conceal the fact that his curiosity was mixed with considerable disgust that a "heathen" should have been brought over from Asia to teach American Christians. At first he listened as a mere critic, without sympathy; but as the address proceeded his attitude began to change; he was impressed by the intellectual breadth and strength of the speaker, but especially by his moral power and his spiritual insight. He listened with increasing and at last with the most absorbed attention. When the end came he was as one who had seen a vision. He could hardly speak. At last he exclaimed in amazement: "Is it possible? Is it possible? and *this* from a man whom I have been looking down upon as a *heathen!*"

Mr. Mozoomdar made many warm friends in America, who have heard with deep sorrow of his death. A letter which I have just received from Mr. B. N. Sen, a prominent member of the Calcutta Brahmo Somaj, and a beloved friend of Mr. Mozoomdar, which contains some information regarding his last weeks of life, will, I am sure, interest some of the readers of UNITY. A part of the letter is as follows:

"CALCUTTA, INDIA, May 30, 1905.

"My Dear Mr. Sunderland:

"This note will be the first to tell you of the death

of the Rev. P. C. Mozoomdar. He passed away last Saturday, the 27th. It is nearly two months since his life had been despaired of, during which period he lay, almost every day, between life and death. There was not much of acute pain, at least not much of which we saw any outward expression; but he lay perfectly calm and still upon his bed, while life ebbed slowly, slowly away. For the last week he was almost wholly speechless, although there was a resigned tranquillity upon the face which told us that the consciousness within was still awake and clear. The last days were singularly free from all struggle or restlessness, and when the call came at last, the spirit hastened to the home it had so long been yearning for, and the body fell quietly asleep. May his spirit rest in eternal peace, and still watch, with an angel's care and love, and with the other spirits above, over the bond of union between India and America, which he, under the hand of Providence, was so much the means of establishing and keeping up." . . .

Mr. Mozoomdar was very appreciative of Christianity. He recognized in it much that is of great value to the world. But he believed that the best that is in Christianity supplemented by the best that is in other religions, is better than the best that is in Christianity alone. He made constant use of the teachings of the Bible; but he also made much use of the teachings of the sacred books of India. I think I may safely say that Jesus was to him the first and greatest of the world's religious teachers, and he sat reverently and lovingly at his feet as his disciple. But he loved and reverenced other great religious teachers, too, and gladly recognized their inspiration, and went to them as well as to Jesus for lessons of life. He was appreciative of Christian missions. He regarded the missionaries as generally sincere and good, even if too often narrow men. He regarded their work as valuable, especially their schools and medical missions, though he believed that they would be able to do much more good if they would make themselves more sympathetically intelligent concerning the religions of the peoples among whom they worked, and were more willing to recognize the good in those religions.

Mr. Mozoomdar was very appreciative of America. He did not believe that our American civilization is perfect, or that we possess all the excellence in the world. He believed that the Orient has some things of importance to teach us. But he also believed that we have some things of importance to teach the Orient.

I had the good fortune to form the acquaintance of Mr. Mozoomdar while he was in America the second time; but I came to know him best when I was in India eight years ago. When I arrived in Calcutta he came to the railway station at six o'clock in the morning to meet and welcome me; and during my stay in that city it was my privilege to see much of him, both in his own home and among his Brahmo Samaj brethren. His was a beautiful spirit, and nowhere more beautiful than at home. Through some unfortunate events over which he had no control, his immediate work in Calcutta became in his later years somewhat more circumscribed than it had been earlier; yet he never lost the love of those who knew him, or the confidence of the community. Up to almost the last he preached much, though not to a regular congregation, and wrote much. For years he was in the habit (among other ways of reaching the public) of delivering an "Annual Address" in the great Town Hall of Calcutta. One of those addresses was given while I was there. There was a large and distinguished audience, containing many leaders of Indian thought, and not a few British officials. If I remember correctly, the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, the highest official in Calcutta after the Viceroy, was present. The address, which was a noble plea for a spiritual interpretation of life, was wholly worthy of the audience.

Mr. Mozoomdar was a conspicuous light in India, as he would have been a conspicuous light in America if his home had been here. He was an eloquent preacher and a gifted writer. He was a prophet, a mystic, a saint, a seer! In the deepest sense of the word he walked with God day by day. He lived as seeing the invisible. He did not despise the beauty of nature, but recognized and loved it. He saw and loved the good that is in the world. His great interest was in the achievements of human souls; he cared comparatively little, perhaps too little, for the works of men's hands. To friends in America who wanted to show him great and splendid buildings, great manufactories, great mercantile establishments, evidences of great wealth, he said: "Not these; show me your great and noble men and women." He cared mightily for the eternal: little for the temporal. His tastes were as simple as his life was devout and serene.

He leaves behind him several books, filled with his spirit. Through these we may still commune with this lofty and pure soul. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

July 14, 1905.

A Letter.

Dear UNITY: Someone in the inner editorial sanctum is getting into the habit of affixing the title of "sermon" to any paper of mine that is about the sermon length. When my paper on "Greek Idealism and Present Thought," read at the ministers' meeting of the Minnesota Unitarian Conference last October, was published as a "sermon," I felt some protest but concluded to say nothing. Now, however, my paper on "The Persistence of Personality" is named a sermon, though stated to have been read at the Western Unitarian Conference in May, and I cannot keep quiet any longer.

Neither of these papers is a sermon, or was ever preached from my pulpit. Both are somewhat extended book reviews, prepared for special audiences. There can be no objection to book-review sermons, though in my judgment they should be few and far between. But I should object to having the friends who may read these papers think that they represent what I am in the habit of preaching. They are mere discussions, to my thinking utterly out of place in the pulpit, which is a place for inspiration and uplift rather than instruction; an opportunity for gripping the will and guiding the life of men and women, as well as appealing to their thought and feeling and spiritual need. RICHARD W. BOYNTON.

St. Paul, Minnesota.

Memory.

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shade listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

T. B. Aldrich.

Every man may be born with his feet in the dust, but he is born with a heart that longs for the Divine.—*The Methodist Recorder.*

THE PULPIT.

Closing for the Sultry Season.

An Ante-Vacation Sermon.

By Rev. Newton Mann.

"Temple and synagogue."—John 18: 20.

The fact that we are about to close our church for the summer vacation may suggest the topic for my discussion this morning. It will be observed that there are some places of worship that may be closed for a season without inconvenience, without reproach, and other places which can never be closed. A cathedral, for instance, must not be shut up for a vacation—in fact must be open every day in the year. The great churches which emulate the cathedral in elegance generally ring out their bells every Sunday in summer and winter for the accustomed congregations. In short we see two types of churches, one of which has an office to perform that does not admit of a vacation; the other finds the vacation a means of grace. A little reflection on this distinction will show the grounds on which it rests.

If we mark the aim of the service in the places that are never closed, we shall find that it is directed mainly to the Powers above. They are most of all places of ceremonial worship. The service is something done for the sake of God, and not, except indirectly, for the sake of man. So it is made up mostly of prayers and hymns, bows, genuflections, and other formal signs of devotion, and is literally the people's tribute of sacrifice, of adoration and of suppliance. The stated payment of this tribute comes to be reckoned the most imperative of duties; and to suspend the proceedings for a few weeks merely for the sake of rest and recreation is a piece of gross impiety not to be thought of.

In other places the "service" is observed to have a different purpose, more or less distinctly brought out. There is less attempt to do something for God and for his glory as though he needed anything; less form and ceremony, less of what passes for worship. Attention is set upon human rather than divine needs, and what is said is addressed for the most part to human ears. Human interest and human convenience naturally decide when these places shall be open and when they shall be closed.

Now these two types, to one or the other of which all Christian churches incline, are found in the Jewish temple and the Jewish synagogue, from which, with certain modifications, they are derived. The prototype of the cathedral was the temple at Jerusalem, place of endless ceremonies and sacrifices. The sacrifices in that Jerusalem temple were bloody—rude survivals from a more barbarous age—and could not be perpetuated along with the gentler Christian faith. But the idea of a blood-offering remained after the actual fact came to seem too horrid for repetition, and that idea is still present in the mass of the Catholic ritual, and in the doctrine of atonement which is almost everywhere insisted on.

In the building of the temple and in the maintenance of its service the utmost splendor was studied, the place being regarded as the residence of Jehovah, and his dignity requiring something outrivaling the display made by other kings. From a similar notion it has been thought the proper thing to build very costly churches and keep a large retinue of priests, to whom, as belonging to the court of the heavenly King, distinguished respect is due. The splendid temple needs a splendid ritual, and this again requires a trained and organized priesthood; and so, around this idea of God's house as a center, there grows up the spiritual powers, at times transcending the authority of the State itself.

Naturally the ritualists incline most to magnificence in church edifices. The pomp of their service seems to call for something noble in architecture. On the other hand the severe simplicity of most Protestant orders of worship comports illy with the splendors of the temples that are sometimes built by Protestants with more of an eye to gratify a pride of wealth than to answer to any religious need. These churches make a lone minister in a frock coat look out of place. They seem to require a troop of priests and assistants in the traditional vestments of the order. It is matter of history that when Protestants have obtained control of great cathedrals these structures have dictated the style of service that should go on in them, compelled the new occupants to adopt a ritual more or less conformed to the old one. I think it is not too much to say that the possession of these great edifices determined the form of the English liturgy, and made its retention a necessity to the English church.

The Jews built a temple at Jerusalem, but they were not peculiar in this. All the old religions had their temples. In building the cathedrals the Catholics followed after the worshipers of every ancient faith. But the simpler notion of a church in the sense of a meeting-house, comes to us only from the Jews. Its first form was the synagogue. Of this we hear nothing in the Old Testament, though we doubtless have its germ in the "religious assembly" of which mention is sometimes made. So serious and reflective a people could not be content with a worship conducted in Jerusalem alone, and of which they could be witnesses only on rare occasions and at the trouble of a considerable journey. From the beginning there had been a tendency to celebrate the Divine honors on every mountain and hill-top of the kingdom. These offerings of the people on the "high places" were prohibited by the Jerusalem authorities who wished to preserve for that city the distinction of being the holy place of Israel. But this suspension of bloody rites in country places did not suspend the development of religion there, or prevent the people going on to find some more suitable expression of the religious sentiment. The period of captivity, and afterwards the voluntary residence of many Jews in foreign parts, necessitated their finding a substitute for the temple service, and thus, some hundreds of years before the Christian era, the synagogue came to be a recognized institution. In New Testament times we find it existing without in the least trespassing upon the province of the temple. It was significant of another order of religious life; had nothing to do with sacrificial pomp and ceremony, and was spared the barbarous and disgusting spectacle which the temple often presented. It was a comparatively plain and simple building, made not for the people's God, but for the people themselves, made as well as they could afford, and designed as a place of assembly. They showed their sense of its distinction by placing it on a commanding site, and it was frequently surmounted with something like a spire. Every city and every considerable village had its synagogue, erected by voluntary contributions, sometimes by the munificence of a single individual. The building was set apart to the uses of religion by a dedicatory service, after which it was considered improper to put it to any other uses. Additional sanctity was given to the place by depositing in the upper end the Book of the Law, before which a symbolical lamp was kept burning perpetually. On the Sabbath the worshipers

brought other lamps which were also lighted. In front of the chest containing the sacred books was a platform and pulpit from which the Reader read the lesson, and, sitting down, preached a sermon. Children, when they were a year old, were brought in that the Rabbi might touch them and give them his blessings. The officers of the synagogue were few, and their qualifications the same as are required for the offices of the Christian church. The Reader was the officiating minister, and entered upon the duties of his post only after giving such proofs of character and fitness as have since been expected of Christian ministers. An under officer, resembling a deacon, got the house ready for the meetings and opened the doors. These officers were ordained by the imposition of hands. Ten persons held positions somewhat as trustees of the congregation, and their presence was necessary at the assemblies that the business of the hour might proceed. At the door boxes were placed to receive the contributions of the people to defray expenses and to relieve the poor. Religious services were conducted every Sabbath, commencing at nine o'clock.

Other meetings were held during the week, and even here a parallelism has been traced with the custom of many modern churches. These meetings in the synagogues occurred on the evenings of the week corresponding to the Wednesday and Friday appointments with which we are familiar.

It is unmistakably clear that the Christian church was patterned after the Jewish synagogue, and indeed grew out of it with little more than change of name. The service of the synagogue was far more popular than that of the temple, which it resembled only as the service of a Protestant chapel resembles that of the cathedral. There was much reading of the Scriptures, with free comment, prayers, liturgical and extemporaneous, and whoever could speak to edification was at liberty to do so. It was a place for conference and reflection as well as for worship. The main purpose was the spread of knowledge and the development of virtue among the people.

Christian churches have inclined to the type of the temple or to that of the synagogue, as the idea of divine or of human service has predominated in them. A church built, as was the temple, for the glory of God, is made as magnificent as possible, with ten-fold more provision for the splendor of the altar than for the comfort of the worshipers. Before that altar an imposing ritual is celebrated, and richly caparisoned priests do the honors of the place. On the other hand a church dedicated to God for the service of man, is built with reference to human needs, with more of an eye to use and comfort than to grandeur of proportions or gorgeousness of decoration. How it shall be used, when it shall be open, what order of service shall be observed, are questions to be determined by the taste and judgment of the people to whom it belongs, looking to their own and the public advantage.

Now when the temple and synagogue coexisted among the Jews it is certain there was no strife between the two institutions. The need of both was recognized. While the synagogue was the religious home of the people, they felt a pride in the statelier structure and service of the temple, representing the older and still venerated idea of worship. There were no impassable sectarian lines dividing the meeting-house from the cathedral, and there was no prejudice against one or the other. Christians have been more divided over these matters. The Protestant movement has generally shown a revulsion from that type of service taken from the temple, and a preference for the simpler order of the synagogue; it has sought to establish a worship by the people in place of a delegated worship by the priests. Plainness and simplicity of church buildings has been a starting-point with almost every Protestant sect, and is legitimately a Protestant idea. Still the notion of a grander order of worship survives, and exhibits itself in almost every sect in tendencies to costlier churches and some more imposing ritual.

Ordinarily, therefore, we cannot say of a church whether it exists primarily for the glory of God or for the good of man. Some Liberals have a convenient way of ignoring the distinction, contending that these objects are really one, as the glory of God is only reached through the good of man. But this saying, true enough, perhaps, to us, is one that the world at large does not comprehend. Indeed in the thought of most persons these two objects are quite as apt to clash as to coincide. It can hardly be said to be for the good of men to burn in everlasting fire, but this process has been commonly believed to conduce signally to the glory of God. Mountain-avalanches, tornadoes, earthquakes, show forth the glory of God, as do many other things sorely destructive of human interests. And certainly it cannot be pretended that in the great orders of ceremonial worship there is the slightest idea of directly subserving any purpose of benefaction to man. The idea of the ritualist is that human safety and blessing come through this formal glorification of the Divine Being, not that the glory of God comes through the service of man. That true worship is human helpfulness and furtherance is popularly considered as a queer refinement of the Liberal preachers. As most people look at it, the service of God and the service of man are two wholly different things, and these two things enter in various proportions into their idea of the purpose of a church. About every church there is something to remind us that it has these two more or less distinct objects. The altar and the ceremonies conducted around it, the songs of praise, the prayers, while they have a certain influence upon the worshipers, are meaningless unless they are understood as being primarily a divine service. The sermon, on the other hand, is addressed to the people, the more or less comfortable chairs or pews are for their use, as are also without doubt the kitchen, parlors, library, stage, and other distinctively human arrangements which have come to be the indispensable appurtenances of a modern church. Indeed it may well be doubted whether the elegance which Protestants sometimes put into their churches is intended for the glory of God. There is reason to think that it is rather to gratify their own taste and minister to their own pleasure. It is to be observed that they make the pews about as fine as the pulpit, never forgetting their own comfort as the more ardent devotion of the Catholic leads him to do. Evidently the old idea of worship that it is a tribute paid to the deity at the expense of the worshiper, has but a slight hold upon the Protestant world. That in the service which belongs to the old temple idea is the part the least valued, and the interest centers in the address to the people, or at most is divided between the sermon and the music. The church is prized, to a much greater extent than many like to admit, as a place of culture. It is the one institution of a serious character that retains its hold upon people of all classes and ages, and it does an incalculable service to the manners, tastes and sympathies of what we call the religious world. It is no slight thing that people of somewhat similar minds are brought together in a thoughtful mood for

an hour once a week. The solemn realities of life demand this much of recognition, and the healthful soul is restless and discontented without it. Certain social advantages not otherwise to be reached also flow from the church relation; and, with suitable accessories, this sacred institution becomes a source of inspiration in the arts and refinements of life, as well as a teacher of its sterner duties. Music has ever been the natural associate of religion, the interpreter of mysteries too deep for thought, the vehicle in which psalm and prayer can best be rendered. It is not an accident nor an error that the church has been the chief patron of this divine art. The organ and the pulpit are the natural complement each of the other, and the singer may be not less effective than the preacher in drawing souls not only to the house but to the heart of God. Painting, sculpture, architecture, have also had their affiliations with religion. As time goes on the church will draw to itself some other means of instruction and delight which it now affects to despise; for the more it is seen that the church was made for man, the more it will appear that nothing that uplifts and helps can be foreign to the sacred place.

In the Sunday service the distinguishing feature of the Protestant sects, as contrasted with the ritualists, is the predominance of the sermon. Reading the announcements in the newspapers, one might suppose that the sermon is about the whole thing. Look down the long column, and you will find that this person and that will preach, possibly it is stated that certain vocalists will sing; but it seems to be thought not worth mentioning that anybody will pray, or that what is called the "word of God" will be read. These exercises have become entirely secondary in Evangelical as well as in Liberal churches. The sermon, lifted into such prominence, is becoming more and more a lecture. This adds to the qualifications required of a minister. He must be something more than a good man. His preaching must be worthy of the high place the sermon has taken in the Sunday service. It must be an instructive utterance, something that will be of use to the hearers. Here comes in a difficulty. The great lecturers prepare with exhaustive studies one or two lectures a year; but some ministers preach more than a hundred sermons in that time. The quantity necessarily detracts from the quality. A transient preacher surprises us with the excellence of his discourse, and we forget that he is preaching it perhaps for the twentieth time. I have sometimes thought that an itinerant system for contiguous churches of the same order, is the plan that must eventually be adopted. Suppose a denomination has ten churches in a city like this; each of the ten pastors could preach in his turn in every one of the ten churches, five times a year in each. This would involve the preparation of five instead of fifty discourses, which would almost certainly mean five good sermons instead of fifty poor ones. If he preached twice or thrice a Sunday, the figures would be in the same proportion. There would be ten times fewer sermons prepared, and they ought to be, one would say, ten times better. A working scheme of this kind has been fully elaborated by Dr. D. J. H. Ward in the *Christian Register*.

The principle has been to some extent discovered and applied that in this matter of preaching the way to improve the quality is to lesson the quantity. The day is past for two or three sermons on Sunday and two or three more during the week. There is no man, subjected to such a drain, however full of good things he may be, but that will run dry as dust in a little while. It has been found best to lessen the tax upon the preacher's tongue, while increasing the demand upon his heart and brain. The tendency is to fewer meetings, with a felt necessity that when they do come there shall be something to them. A meeting once a week becomes an occasion, requiring to be marked by a substantial contribution from the speaker. And when the sermon is really found to have a meaning and a purpose, it will bear to be made longer, and may assume the proportions of a lecture, of which it has already taken on the general character.

When the sermon really does become a lecture in contents and care of preparation, there will be an evident absurdity, not to say impossibility, in keeping it up even once a week the year round. For the summer months the lectureship will close.

I need not say that we still preserve too much of the temple-idea of a church to adopt in full the fashion which I have sketched, and toward which the Protestant world is obviously tending. We still cling to some slight form of worship, not merely out of respect to the antiquity of the form, but from a vague sense that there is more to it than we are able now to show, and that in time this manifestation of the religious life will amply justify itself. At all events I trust we have no disposition to abolish the statelier orders of service, the cathedrals and gorgeous churches in which the celebration of God's praise is the main purpose. All we have to say is that *our* devotion does not express itself in that way; that, while we are able to appreciate to some extent the grandeur and beauty of the ancient ritual, it is another conception of worship that has taken possession of our minds and hearts. He best loves God, we say, who best loves goodness; he best worships who is most devoted to truth and duty; and the true ritual, we are convinced must rest upon and spring out of these principles. It is not salvation first and then character, not first piety and then morality; but the truly devout soul finds the source of its devotion in its own fidelity to that which is true, in its love for what is ever beautiful and good. And this devotion is not so dependent upon the ritual that it must witness the weekly procession of that pageant or wither away; it lives in us, in the sense of gratitude, of submission, of trust, of longing and of love, in those bonds which, wherever we stray, we feel holding us in the grasp of an unceasing obligation.

So we enter upon the summer vacation with no feeling that we are neglecting a shrine, but, looking up to the hills whence cometh our help, those of us who can, seek for a season that strength of body and rest of soul in which to plant the hope of better things to come. All work is better done for having here and there a break and change. We sleep that we may afterward be more awake. The summer's rest and recreation serve as sacred a purpose as the toil of other months. I long to breathe once more the mountain air, and mount a little nearer the eternal Health and Strength, to feel again the enchantment of far-reaching views of hill and valley, ocean and headland, and hear the drowsy hum of insects that in my boyhood lulled me to noonday slumber. But whatever sights I see, whatever voices I hear, nothing shall make me forget for a moment this place of meeting, nor one kind and eager face that I am accustomed to greet of a Sunday morning. Let us hope that after some weeks we shall again sit together here in heavenly places, ready to enter with renewed energy upon the work before us. Even the days of our respite should not be days of

idleness. We best rest when we only change our tasks.

Sweet is the pleasure itself cannot spoil,
Is not true leisure one with true toil?
Thou that wouldst taste it still do thy best,
Abuse it not, *waste* it not, else 'tis no rest.
Wouldst behold beauty near thee, all round?
Only hath *duty such* a sight found.
Rest is not quitting the busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion, clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean after its life.
Deeper devotion nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion heart never felt.
'Tis loving and serving the *highest* and *best*,
'Tis onward, unswerving, and this is true rest.

Tower Hill Letter.

Mr. Olmstead arrived this week and relieved Miss Hatherell with the Science work, shifting the emphasis from flowers and ferns to birds, which we study in effigy, in lantern slide and in life. Nineteen different birds put in their appearance one morning during an hour's walk over Pine Knob. In the stereopticon lecture given Friday evening, the interest for the most part centered in owls and whip-poor-wills, their young and their nests, which the lecturer had captured with his camera and prepared for the lantern during the past year.

In Mr. Jones's classes the study of Religious History was carried down the centuries through the Euphrates, the Hittites to Brahmanism, and in the work in poetry we completed the survey of the ten volumes of "The World's Best Poetry," a fascinating study which we trust may bear fruit further on.

The social event of the mid-week was a double birthday party celebrated at the Pavilion with games and much merriment, which were shared by the entire population of the Hill from the conductor of the Study Classes to the "three twins," whose faithful work at the dining hall has won them the title of "Head Waiter and Assistants."

But the event of the season was the reunion of the Sixth Wisconsin Battery, which took place on Tower Hill, July 29th and 30th. The Hill-dwellers have for many years partaken with the veterans of the hospitality of Spring Green and Lone Rock on these annual occasions and all were heartily glad of the opportunity for the second time to "retaliate" in co-operation with the Hillside Valley. The Hill had been busy for several days in preparation for the material and spiritual entertainment of the veterans. The Dutch oven turned out "loads" of beautiful golden brown loaves. The little round quartet tables in the dining-hall were crowded closer and two long tables were placed for the "Battery boys" and their families. Beds were made ready in the long houses. The pavilion was decorated with oak boughs and graceful rye straw. Spurge and golden-rod were everywhere. The leader read us Whitman's "Drum Taps" by way of preparing our minds for the occasion and the children were taught patriotic songs and declamations. And not all the joy of this preparation was left to the "heads of the Hill" and the "hired help." Both during the days of preparation and days of the meeting every one found a willing task suited to his or her ability and strength, whether it was cutting oak boughs for decorations, wiping dishes or tying on string to ensure the identification and safe return of borrowed spoons.

The "boys" were met at Spring Green by Mr. Jones on his gallant Roos and escorted to Tower Hill in true military style, though the charger has never made a charge or smelt the smell of gunpowder, and her gay prancing and maneuvering must perforce be attributed to telepathic communication with her rider albeit far-famed as an advocate of peace.

At about ten o'clock the arrival of the "army" was announced by the sound of the bugle in the distance and the citizens of the Hill assembled in the Pavilion to greet the "boys" with waving flags, war-songs and the "glad hand." The "freedom of the Hill" was given them until dinner time, though, out of deference to army traditions, it was recommended that the chickens be shut up and a guard mounted at the garden gate. At 12 o'clock and the sound of the bugle, the veterans "fell in" and marched to the dining hall where an extemporaneous band of children met them with "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," then turned themselves into waiters for a medium of communication between the cook in the kitchen and the hungry group of soldiers and citizens.

At the roll-call in the afternoon, twenty-seven of the original two hundred and fifty or more were present to answer to their names. A number more are living and were "accounted for" by the faithful secretary, Mr. O. J. Burnham, but many were left at Vicksburg, Corinth and Huntsville, and many more have fallen by the way since they set themselves to the task of peace. Picnic supper was served by residents of Hill and Valley under the trees, and at 8 o'clock the bugle blew for the camp-fire reunion, where reminiscence had free play and hearts were warmed with memories of the heroic days of '61 to '65. The new and striking feature of this reunion was the stereopticon exhibit of slides made from photographs of the "boys" taken in war time. Some were greeted with cheers, some were so changed that they scarcely knew themselves, and altogether were narrative provoking and brought forth a flood of memories from full hearts.

But there was a center of interest outside of the "Battery boys." This was ex-Governor Hoard of Ft. Atkinson, Wisconsin, who generously gave us his presence during both days of the encampment, and who, whether caught on the pavilion platform, in the chimney corner, at the dining table or on the road to the windmill, proved himself a perennial campfire, overflowing with incidents, wit, humor and quaint, homely wisdom. We shall remember the visit of ex-Governor Hoard with delight until he comes again.

But the best of these meetings can never be repeated. There was many an aside which the world will be the poorer for losing, though truth compels the admission that the language in which some of these asides were framed might need to be tamed before it could be properly printed in a dignified religious newspaper, but the humor was always akin to pathos and the laughter was very close to the fountain of tears. The man was there and very much alive, of whom the Doctor remarked after the battle of ———, "You couldn't gather up his remains in a bushel basket," and the grim humor of the man who came through the war unscathed only to lose an arm in a Fourth of July celebration, was perennially before us.

On Sunday there were morning and afternoon meetings again in the pavilion attended by Hill and Valley, and many friends from a distance. There were more good speeches and another picnic dinner representing the highest culinary art of Hill and Valley combined. Mr. Jones spoke for the Hill in happy reminiscence, anticipation and uplift, and ex-Governor Hoard justified such a use of Sunday by showing how nearly allied are religion and true patriotism.

A quiet sunset drive crowned an inspiring day, and the early Monday morning trains carried away most of the "Battery boys" to their homes. The two days had been full of inspiration and uplift. Hands had clasped, hearts had mingled, new ties had been formed and old

ones strengthened, and high lessons had been learned from war to be applied in days of peace. May the Sixth Wisconsin Battery continue to hold its reunions as long as there is a "Battery boy" left to call the roll and another to answer to his name, and may it be the privilege of the citizens of Tower Hill to attend them all, either as guests or as hosts! * * *

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

Outing, for July, contains my first contribution on making a Country Home—and it is the last one.

The American Monthly Review of Reviews for July gives some excellent material on the railroads and the people. We may as well be getting ready to manage our own highways—for it must come.

"The Glorious Revolution in Philadelphia" should be read in connection with the articles appearing in Arena. A character sketch is given of Chas. J. Bonaparte, our Secretary of the Navy. Are we some day to have a Bonaparte as president of the United States?

From G. P. Putnams Sons, comes a very peculiar book, entitled A Digit of the Moon, and Other Love Stories from the Hindoo. These are "translated from the original manuscripts," by F. W. Bain. As illustrating Hindoo thought the book is admirable. It is a scholarly work, but thoroughly readable by all classes.

Salina Sue's Second Wooing is published by Harper Bros. The first story, from which the book takes its name, is fairly good; but there is one story in the book surpassingly excellent, "Egypt." I do not know where in our literature of short stories, we may find its superior. It really deserves to be published as a monograph by itself.

From Charles Scribner's Sons, I have received Following the Sun-Flag, by John Fox, Jr. This is a sample of a book that may be written by a thoroughly good, gossipy, correspondent of a daily newspaper. It throws lots of sidelights onto a main question—that is the war in the East; but a great deal of this gossip is not of the nicest sort for household reading. I do not care for the book.

The Open Court is giving us admirable articles, in every number—almost all of them illustrating, directly or indirectly, the origin and nature of Christianity. A very curious and instructive article in the July number is by the editor, Paul Carus, on Zoroaster's Contributions to Christianity. This article will bear very careful reading, and will help greatly in illustrating the relations which Jesus bore to antecedent teachers.

The Atlantic, for August, is well filled with stories of excellent quality, but we miss Thoreau's Diary. The contribution by Henry James on Balzac is an illustration of the work that can be done by a man to whom literature is purely an art. I have long made it a rule to pass over anything and everything written by Henry James. I have, however, read some portions of this article. I hate Balzac more than I dislike Henry James.

The Prize to the Hardy, by Alice Winter, comes from the Bobbs-Merrill Co. This book deserves a good deal of praise for its honest work, and still more for its wholesome and natural conceptions. The book will do you good, and you may depend upon it that its lesson will do no one any harm, if it is read by every member of your family. In a few cases one feels that the coincidences are rather artificial—but there is very little to find fault with.

The World's Work, for July, is simply brim full of good things; one of the best is a description of what a city ought to be and can be. Evidently the future city will be something very different from the horrible congestion which we now know. There are two drifts apparent; one to move outward a large share of the population into suburbanism; the other is to beautify, cleanse, and everyway exalt the idea of streets, parks, and private as well as public buildings.

The Church of Christ, by A Layman, is published by Funk and Wagnalls Co. It is one of the most insignificant books that was ever issued by an American publisher. A part of the dedication is to unbelievers—"To convince them that Jesus is the Christ, the son of the living God, and the Savior of the world." The book is a cheap rehash of Bible story, interspersed with still cheaper comment. Yet the writer has a certain measure of liberality. He does not like creeds. He thinks the churches ought to be united. He has started off into the woods, to induce them to unite around his flagpole. His literary style is execrable.

From the Bobbs Merrill Co., of Indianapolis, I have received Hecla Sandwith, by Edward Uffington Valentine. A novel of this sort deserves the very best attention of the reviewer. It is really a sincere and excellent piece of literary work—an achievement worth the while. Next to John Uhl it is the most excellent work of fiction that I have met with in many a month. It is thoroughly thought out, and admirably wrought out. You cannot skip sentences—not a single word. The author intends, not to rush a book on the market, for cash returns, but to place before the public something that from a literary standpoint, and ethical standpoint, and from the standpoint of pure criticism, will stand the test. The book will satisfy the reader, because it can be reread, and because it will live as a factor in his personal evolution.

E. P. Powell.

The Power of Self-Formation is another of the rapidly multiplying volumes whose purpose is to assert the supremacy of mind over body. It is a new volume, but hardly a new contribution to thought; little more, indeed, than a restatement of conclusions already reached by other writers. The philosophy of the book contains something of an easy and rhetorical overstatement savoring of the vagaries of Christian Science, as "We are just what we think." It is, in fact, not a scientific presentation at all. There is an occasional display of inexactness and carelessness, as when Thomas Jay Hudson is spoken of as *Thompson* Jay Hudson and his work, The Law of Psychic Phenomena," is referred to as "The Law of Mental Medicine." The truth which the author is attempting to present, the influence of mind over body, is now a generally accepted fact and is becoming more and more a factor in our philosophy of living, but the present volume is little more than a loose rewriting by a casual reader of results obtained by the careful students of psychic phenomena.

R. P. D.

Brief Mention.

Under the rather melodramatic title "Beyond Chance of Change," Sara Andrew Shafer takes the reader over familiar ground, the child life of a generation ago. The choice of material and the episodic character of the work suggest Kate Douglas Wiggin, but the genuinely human touches that made living realities of the Wiggin creations are replaced for the most part by a dreary literalness. When we have followed little Rachel's childish wanderings through a birthday party, an independence day, a village tea and a few other inevitable adventures, we can well agree with the author's idea that the bygone days are "beyond chance of change," and the children also. Truly, "of the making of books there is no end."

The attractive title of the book "An Old Man's Idyl," by Wolcott Johnson, lures one into a keen disappointment. It seems to be the pages from a diary in which one is given many natural touches of the simple home life and its workings of a man, who has been made to realize the power of love in a home late in his life. But so closely has the author depicted the inconsequential details which occur in every home every day that they pall upon his reader. These details are perfectly natural, but when their record comes to us unilluminated, they are destitute of that power which would make them a part of real life philosophy. (Mamillan, $1.00 net.) M. E. A.

In "The Secret Woman," by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, we meet some very tragic issues in the lives of the Devonshire peasantry, worked out with due deference to the ever-pursuing Nemesis. As the plot develops, a familiar version of the old philosophy of fatalism also becomes apparent. Each individual, according to Mr. Phillpotts, is born into the world with his nature and therefore his destiny, predetermined. It is the clash of these different natures as well as the futile struggle against this self, that weaves tragedy into the web of things. Yet the story cannot be said to possess a wide appeal and at times borders upon the sensational. The characters are well individualized and always distinctly children of the Devonshire country which the author has made his literary territory. In their crudity and simple philosophy they are strongly suggestive of the Wessex peasantry of Thomas Hardy's novels. The story is interspersed with many beautiful descriptive passages of the scenery around Dartmoor, and occasionally its gloom is lifted by the native humor of the peasants. (Macmillan, $1.50.)

K. A. G.

"The Two Captains," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, is a story of war in all its brutality and ugliness. It will perhaps do less harm than a better book, for we miss the usual glamour around the "two captains," Napoleon and Nelson, and the battle scenes are described with the maximum of bludgeon and gore and the minimum of poetry and romance. The inevitable love story, which is rather loosely hung around a French girl and an Irishman, lacks both Gallic grace and Hibernian fire. *Cui bono?* (Macmillan, $1.50.)

"Letters from an Oregon Ranch," by "Katharine," is a book of the class which often appears anonymously. It deals with an episode in the lives of two middle-aged couples who sold their city homes and started out for a few years of ranch life in the far West. There is no mention of divided authorship, but we are confident that "Mary" or another of the quartet was called in to help out on the descriptive passages, for while the four personages are for the most part hopelessly commonplace in their doings and still more so in the dreary attempts at humor which shed a somber light over the pages of the book, there is now and then a fairly pretty bit of description, though nothing equal to the superb illustrations, evidently from photographs taken from life. The typography, paper and binding are excellent. (McClurg & Co., $1.50.)

There is a fascination in the mediaeval romance that baffles analysis. The old chroniclers wove a magic and enduring spell about the names of Charlemagne and his knights. It is a little unfortunate for Robert Ames Bennet's "For the White Christ" that by reason alike of time, places and personages, it challenges instant comparison with "Ekkehard," that classic of German tales, and Arthur Sherburne Hardy's "Passe Rose." The four hundred odd pages of this book are grim with war and we share to the full the perplexities of the Norse hero who would fain reconcile the Christ of peace and good will with the Christianity which he saw inflame the most wolfish passions of men. The portrait of Charlemagne is cleverly sketched, a fierce, generous, lovable nature, a king among men because first a man among men. The heroine, Rothada, is a true king's daughter, worthy even to be the child of the great King Karl. The chapters relating the adventures of the royal skating party in the storm are of thrilling interest. The book is handsomely printed and profusely illustrated with colored plates. (Macmillan, $1.50.) E. H. W.

Midsummer Song.

Dawnings of amber and amethyst eves;
Soft in the south wind the laughter of leaves;
Breath of the poppy and death of the rose—
Midsummer comes and midsummer goes!

Dapple on cheek of the apple and plum;
Honey-bees droning a die-away hum;
Swales in a shimmer and dales in a doze—
Midsummer comes and midsummer goes!

Darting of dragon-fly, flutter of moth;
Barley in windrow and wheat in the swath;
Hush-song and thrush-song!—the mother-bird knows!—
Midsummer comes and midsummer goes!

Moonlight and noonlight all glamor and gleam;
Hillside and rillside a thrall to the dream;
Capture the rapture before the days close!—
Midsummer comes and midsummer goes!

CLINTON SCOLLARD, *from The Cosmopolitan.*

To-day.

We shall do much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give out gold in princely sum,
But what shall we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak with words of love and cheer,
But what have we done to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after while,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed to-day?

—*Nixon Waterman.*

Remember two things in these hot days: Your duty to worship God, and your obligation to the poor and sick and suffering. Wherever you are, pray; wherever you are, help your fellowmen.—*The Jewish Voice.*

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

Sunday.—Efficiency is the great source of private happiness and of public prosperity—the exercise of power intelligently and with enjoyment.

Monday.—I believe that the will power of a child, a youth, a man, can be developed only in freedom—through the exercise of the will in freedom—under motives which spring from within himself and are not imposed on him from without.

Tuesday.—Every system must be wrong which imposes opinions, practices or habits without enlisting the will of the individual in convinced coöperation.

Wednesday.—There is no good work in the world, mechanical or intellectual, that is not the result of persistent attention compelled by the will of the worker.

Thursday—The trained strength of the individual will is not all; it must be strong to work with and serve others.

Friday.—Despotism is essential in an army, but liberty in a republic.

Saturday.—Republican education should teach the true principle and method of combining men for a common purpose.

Charles W. Eliot.

The Boy That Blows the Bugle.

I hardly know, exactly, just what I'd like to be—
A soldier in the army, or a sailor-boy at sea.
I love the noise the drum makes, the horse the colonel rides,
The flag the sergeant carries, and the soldiers' jerky strides.
But when the tide turns seaward, and up the anchors come,
I forget the flying banners and the bugle and the drum.
O then I'd be a sailor, with rough and tarry hands,
Bound out for Yokohama, or "India's coral strands."
And yet, although I'm fairly brave, and not afraid to roam,
I shouldn't like to find myself too far away from home.
So, if I get the chance, some day, I'll give the folks the slip,
And get to be the bugler on a trans-Atlantic ship.

—*Joseph B. Gilder in the August St. Nicholas.*

One June day after the close of school three little girls were sitting on the grass talking with great seriousness.

"Do you know," said one, "those children live only three or four blocks from here. I saw them when Cousin John took me to drive yesterday. Their houses looked hot and uncomfortable, but the children were playing in the street having a good time, altho' they didn't have anything to play with," and Margaret hugged a pretty doll with greater appreciation than usual.

"It's queer," said Nan, "that we should have so much and they should have so little. I'd like to share things with them a little more, wouldn't you?"

"*Couldn't* we?" said the third child eagerly. "If it's only a few blocks away why couldn't we take some of our toys and things and give them to them?"

An hour later three happy children might have been seen hurrying down the street, their arms full of dolls and dishes and toys.

"Take it," said Nan to a child of her own age who stood trying bashfully to hide her bare feet below her torn dress. "I brought her for you," and kissing the doll goodbye she thrust it into the child's arms. Margaret and Edith were also giving away what they had brought trying to give to each child what he would like the best.

"We'll do it again tomorrow," they said to each other as they went home.

They were children who had not a great many toys and when the morning came they found that many sacrifices were necessary to gather further armfuls of toys. "Not Ponto!" gasped Margaret and Edith in admiration as they saw Nan gaze for a minute at an adored little china dog and then heroically thrust it in her pocket with other things. "Yes," said Nan stocially, "but look at Margaret." Margaret could not keep back her tears but was taking tenderly from her drawer her most loved paper dolls and putting them with the dresses she had made for them into a box. Edith had brought from her house many of her dearly loved possessions—even her little black handled knife which had given her so many delightful hours.

So on the second day again the children walked to Mulberry street. They were recognized from a distance and a crowd of little boys and girls were waiting shyly to meet them. A third day they went, but on the morning of the fourth day something seemed to trouble the trio and they went out to climb the apple tree in the back yard and talk it over.

"Why do you suppose they seem so afraid of us?" queried Edith. "We are only little girls like them."

"Yes," said Nan, "they even said 'Yes ma'am' and 'No ma'am' to us. I wish they wouldn't make me feel like a 'proudy.'"

"Well," said Margaret decidedly, "our clothes are certainly different and I believe that's what the matter."

A few minutes later and the three were up in Edith's bed-room. Shoes and stockings were pulled off, the pretty braids and curls were tousled. Margaret hurriedly put her gingham dress on wrong-side out, Nan pointed with pride to a large tear she had happened to acquire in her descent from the tree and Edith had put on a shirt waist belonging to a younger brother and an old dark skirt.

Again they started for Mulberry street half fearing that there would be disappointment when it was found they had brought nothing but themselves.

But that fear vanished at the reception that greeted their friendly smiles and "We've just come to play with you." Glorious games of "Tag" and "I Spy" followed—the joy of splashing thro' mud puddles with bare feet being nearly equal to the joy of comradeship. And one experience as well as the other helping to establish a true sense of human relations.

When I Had Clothes.

I used to have a suit of clothes
  All rags and paint and dirt;
What luxury it was to wear
  A suit I couldn't hurt!
Secure within that wreck of cloth
  I groveled on the ground;
In garret, stable, garden, yard,
  Primeval bliss I found.
It waxed familiar with the woods,
  The thickets, marshes, brooks;
It carried rents and burrs and mud
  From all the forest nooks.
I got down close to Mother Earth.
  My spirit seemed to root
And spread its filaments and grow
  Within that mouldy suit.
But ah, my wife, in vandal mood,
  One hapless cleaning day,
In valiant fit of tidiness,
  Gave my old suit away!
And now I weed the garden walks
  At length of formal hoe,
And keep within the proper paths
  When to the woods I go.
I've lost the sense of sweet, warm dirt,
  The kinship with the ground;
I must be careful of my clothes
  Whene'er I tinker 'round.
O, woman, woman! prim and neat,
  The flower of humankind,
I'd not abate your daintiness
  And purity of mind;
But oh, with heavenly perfectness
  Your graces will be girt,
If you will let a happy man
  Just wallow in the dirt!

—*Puck.*

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THE FIELD.

'The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion.''

Foreign Notes.

THE SEQUEL OF THE GERMAN COAL STRIKE.—Some time during the height of Chicago's recent strike troubles, attention was called in these columns to the remarkably well-conducted strike of the German coal miners of the Ruhr. This sequel we are glad to note in a copy of the *Signal de Genève* just come to hand:

We read the following intelligence in the *Gazette de Lausonne*. It is the hoped-for epilogue to the great labor drama which was played last winter on the other side of the Rhine.

The Prussion House of Lords yesterday passed the law concerning mines just as it came from the Chamber of Deputies, an action that had been considered improbable until the last few days.

It will be remembered that the Prussian Government succeeded in ending the great strike on the Ruhr by promising the workers the passage of a law recognizing such of their demands as it deemed most legitimate.

Accordingly it brought forward its bill, which the workmen considered inadequate, but to which the coal owners and mining companies made a desperate resistance.

The committee of the Chamber of Deputies reduced the bill almost to a nullity. The personal intervention of the President of the Council was necessary—not only on the rostrum, where he defended the law in two of his best speeches, but in personal interviews in which he earnestly entreated all deputies amenable to persuasion—to secure the passage of the Government bill amended in certain minor points.

The obstacle of the House of Lords, more conservative still than the Prussian Chamber, seemed insurmountable, but, behold! it has been overcome.

We will add but a word to what we said at the time the strikers resumed their work: Behold, an admirable strike during which the liberty to work has never been violated, and which at least partially succeeded. It has succeeded by legal methods and not by violence. Can this be really an indication that all—weak and strong—begin to distrust resort to violence? Do they begin to prefer that union and organization which alone can make the feeble mighty?

THE RUSSIANS AS SEEN BY MME. DE STAEL.—All the world, says the same Swiss paper, follows with anxiety in the daily journals the chaotic course of the Russian revolution. The measure is full. We know that Tolstoi's appeals to the guiding powers, eloquent adjurations to the ministers of the interior and of justice, to the Czar himself, and to the highest representatives of the church, have been met only by silence or by excommunication; but justice is realized in most unexpected ways. If the Wittes and the Pobiedowosteffs have remained deaf to the prayers of the people and of the greatest of the Russians, the emancipators of Russia will be called, in the history written tomorrow, Togo, Nogi and Oyama. Never, in fact, would the Russian people have found means for resisting the all powerful bureaucracy if it had not been for the defeats of Port Arthur, Mukden and Tsushima.

The following lines, written in 1810 by Mme. de Stael after her sojourn in Russia, draw from contemporary events a quite special interest.

"No civilized nation," she says, "retains so much of the savage as the people of Russia, and while the great have energy, they also approach the defects and the qualities of this unrestrained nature. Much praised in this connection has been Diderot's famous saying: *Les Russes sont pourris avant d'etre mûrs.* I do not know any more untrue; their very vices, with some exceptions, are not those of corruption but of violence. A Russian desire, said a superior man, would cause a town to be blown up; fury and trickery control them by turns as they wish to accomplish some good or evil purpose. Their nature is not changed by the rapid civilization given them by Peter I.; it has so far only formed their manners. Happily for them they are still what we call barbarians—that is to say, guided by an instinct often generous, always involuntary—which admits reflection only as to choice of means, not in study of the object: I say happily for them, not that I pretend to eulogize barbarism, but I designate by this name a certain primitive energy which alone can replace in nations the concentrated force of liberty."

It may be a new, or at least a forgotten, idea to some that there was ever such a thing as a republic in Russia, but in another passage Mme. de Stael writes thus of Novgorod:

"I passed through Novgorod, which six centuries ago was a republic connected with the Hanseatic cities, and which long preserved a spirit of republican independence. We are fond of saying that liberty was demanded in Europe only in the last century, but it is rather despotism which is a modern invention. Even in Russia the slavery of the peasants was only introduced in the sixteenth century. Up to the reign of Peter I. the formula for all ukases was: 'The boyards have considered, the czar will order.' Peter I., though in many respects he did much good to Russia, abased the great and united in his own grasp temporal and civil power that that he might encounter no obstacles to his designs.

"But to return to Novgorod, Ivan Vasalievitch captured it in 1470. He destroyed the liberties of the city and caused to be transported to the Kremlin at Moscow the great bell called in Russia Watchevoy Kolokoi, the sound of which the citizens were wont to assemble on the public square to deliberate on public interests. In losing its liberty Novgorod, says the best Russian historian, saw its population, its commerce, its wealth disappear day by day, so withering and destructive is the breath of arbitrary power."

THE THREE POPES OF EUROPE.—A correspondent of *Le Matin*, H. Harduin, writes as follows of European popes:

"I stated recently that we have two popes in Europe, one at Rome, the other in Russia, and that in consequence of the hardness of the time both are in prison. Their detention is voluntary but none the less real.

"A reader writes me: 'You forget the Musselman pope.' It is true. The pope of Constantinople is also a prisoner. Once a week only, on Friday, he is made to take the air. Surrounded by guides and soldiers, he is conducted to the mosque. This is called, I believe, the *selamik*. This ceremony, moreover, has no other object than that of showing the Mohammedan population that its pope still exists. Otherwise they would know nothing of him."

A strange situation, is it not? Three popes representing on earth God, invisible, and all three are obliged to withdraw themselves from observation.

Jesus Christ, who represented God more completely than any other, mingled with the multitude. True he was not successful in doing so, for he was arrested and crucified.

Yet the Russian pope and the Mohammedan one live in constant fear, and, indeed, of very real danger of assassination.

M. E. H.

Mazzini.

One centenary that should have been more noted this summer is called to mind by the *Inquirer*, as follows: On June 22, 1805, Joseph Mazzini was born at Genoa, and died on March 10, 1872, a man of faith, worthy to be remembered with James Martineau and Francis William Newman, the greatest of Italian patriots in the last century, whose life was given to the cause of freedom for his people and unity for his country. "I have no hope for any European revolution," Martineau wrote in 1852 to Newman, "except Mazzini's."

"He breathed a soul into democracy," is John Morley's judgment. "Mazzini," said Arnold Toynbee, "is the true teacher of our age." What did he teach? That men must hold fast to a living faith in God and be concerned not so much for their rights as their duties.

"Workingmen! Brothers!" so he pleaded, "when Christ came and changed the face of the world he spoke not of rights to the rich who needed not to achieve them, nor to the poor, who would doubtless have abused them in imitation of the rich. He spoke not of interest nor of utility to a people whom interest and utility had corrupted. He spoke of Duty, of Love, of Sacrifice and of Faith, and he said that they should be first among all who had contributed most by their labor to the good of all. . . . Preach duty to the classes above you and fulfill as far as in you lies your own.

Preach Virtue, Sacrifice and Love, and be yourselves virtuous, loving and ready for self-sacrifice."

Not long after Carlyle had published "Sartor Resartus," with its gospel of the "Everlasting Yea." Mazzini, living as an exile in London, became his friend, but he had already won his own victory without human aid and by the way of self-renunciation.

While still at college at Genoa Mazzini renounced his early aspirations after literary fame and consecrated his life to the cause of his people, then divided and oppressed by various unworthy governments. First imprisoned and then driven into exile at the age of 25, he began a long career of patient, fearless and most unselfish service as a political writer and an organizer of popular movements. His great ideal was a united Italy, his watchword "God and the people." He set himself to waken in his fellow-countrymen a sense of their high national destiny, of what they might be and do as a free and united people.

It was after six years of such unwearied labors, when an exile in Switzerland in 1836, that the storm of doubt and sorrow broke upon him, of which he has left a very touching account. After the failure of more than one effort and the disappointment of many hopes, the friends whom he had most trusted began to look coldly upon him, to suspect him of unworthy motives and to desert the cause to which he was so entirely devoted. Then it was that the dreadful fear took possession of him, that perhaps he was mistaken, that after all there might be no hope for Italy, and it was not (as he had felt) a divine mission to which he had given himself; that the sacrifice was in vain and he was guilty of the blood of many who had already died for the cause. Perhaps there *was* some lurking of personal ambition in his heart which blinded him and had led him astray. To a man of most noble, affectionate and sensitive nature such thoughts were maddening, and he was brought to the very verge of despair, which threatened, as he says, to end in madness or the selfish death of the suicide. But one morning he awoke to find that his mind was tranquil, and calmer thoughts found their way to his heart. Nothing he saw could excuse despair. He had been confused by the misery of wounded affection and disappointed hopes. But a man has simply to be true to himself. Life is a mission and duty its highest law. He may not claim for himself any of the joys of life, but thankfully taking all that is given, whether in joy or sorrow, must do his own work.

Alone, as he recorded years afterwards, looking back upon that time, Mazzini came to his better self through the thought of God and human progress and duty. He found not happiness, indeed, but peace, for he learned to suffer without rebellion and to live calmly and in harmony with his own spirit. "Never from that time," he says, "have I for an instant allowed myself to think that my own unhappiness could in any way influence my actions. . . . Whether the sun shine with the serene splendor of an Italian morn, or the leaden corpse-like hue of the northern mist be above us, I cannot see that it changes our duty. God dwells above the earthly heaven and the holy stars of faith and the future still shine within our own souls, even though their light consume itself unreflected as the sepulchral lamps."

The lofty spirit of Mazzini and the permanent value of his teaching as an inspirer and strengthener of faith are well indicated in these closing sentences of Mr. Bolton King's life of the great patriot in the "Temple Biographies": "He loved to commune with those of his own spiritual kin—Dante, Savonarola, Cromwell—men who had the same undoubting faith in the righteousness of their cause and their fellow-work with God—men, it may be, one-sided and intellectually incomplete but gifted with the power to do great things and lift up life. And so great principles and nobleness of aim carried him through a series of practical mistakes and left his life to be a permanent enriching of the race. What if he dreamed dreams, that for generations yet may be no more than dreams? What if his mental ken reached not to all the knowledge of the age? What if he marred his work by mistakes and miscalculations? His errors have passed; his intellectual limitations can be supplied. His was the rarer and the greater part to lift men out of the low air of common life up to the heights, where thought is larger and life runs richer and the great verities are seen undimmed by self and sophistry. The idealist is still mankind's best friend, and he does most for the race who purges its spirtiual vision and breathes into cold duty till it becomes a thing of life and passion and power. Greater still is he who is not idealist only but saint and hero, and in his life bears witness to the truth he teaches. Such saint and hero and idealist Mazzini was, and while men and women live who would be true to themselves and to their call, who value sacrifice and duty above power and success, so long will there be those who will love him and be taught by him."—*The Inquirer.*

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